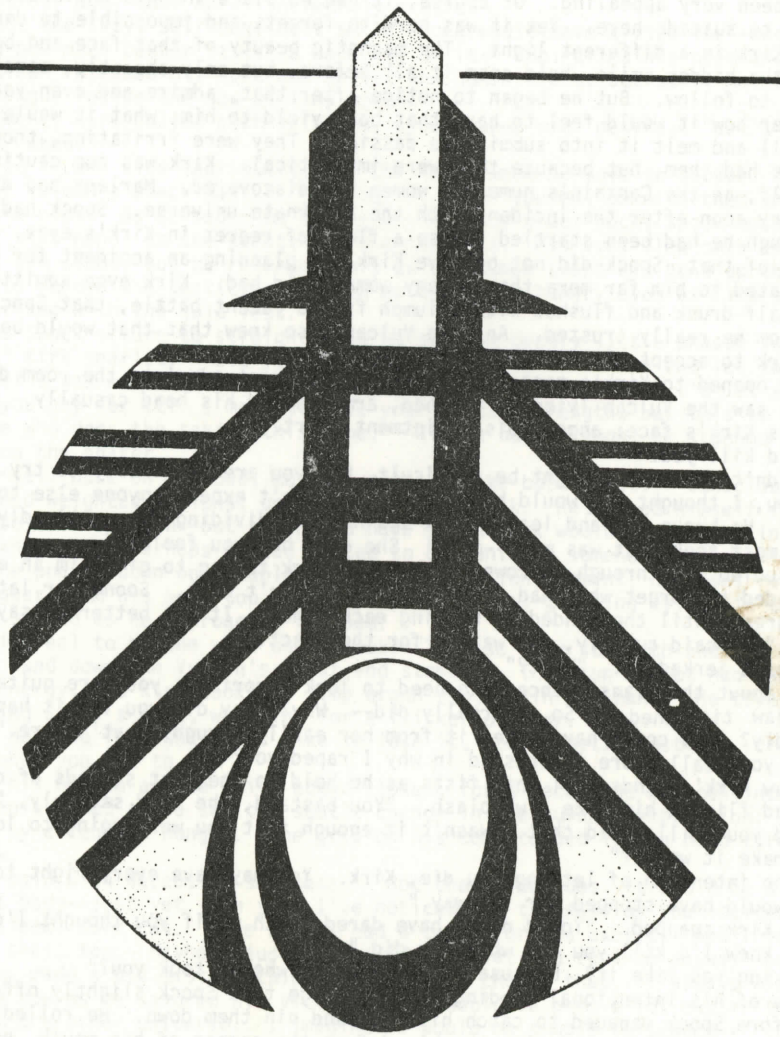
Spock's mind and Arain's own golden flesh. Arain, who would never wake. He hadn't cried in years, and the tears stung like salt in a wound.

He did not expect the warmth of Spock's hands on his tired shoulders, and he almost flinched away. The deep voice was sane again, controlled, but the sadness in it rang like a bell.

"A dream is a dark mirror, Leonard, dimming bright reality, but it cannot reflect what does not exist. You healed us. We love you."

The golden slave slept at their feet, clothed in the faint light of the stars.

McCoy cursed uniforms with no room for a handkerchief and wiped his eyes on his sleeve.

"I know," he said. "Can't we go home?"

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